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Mirrors can't talk,  
lucky for you  
hey can't laugh either

## Re-enter Myself



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### Chapter 1 by Ichigo

Michael. He was the one person who made me dizzy. I take in a deep breath and clear my throat. He walks my way, looking handsome as always. He takes a casual but artsy look, with his dark brown hair swept to one side and Levi jeans and white dress shirt. He's wearing flip-flops, but for some odd reason, it fits.

"Alison, long time." He says.

"Yeah, um, yeah..." I stupidly stammer.

I see my dad exiting the store and Michael takes in a ragged breath.

Dad must've seen him and walks our way. Once near, he shakes Michael's hand and they talk in hushed voices.

"YOU PROMISED!" Michael suddenly yells. Next thing I know, he's pulling out a gun.

Dad steps back, arms raised as if to say, i surrender. "Hey, cool down. I'll get it to you tomorrow." He says.

"You liar. You won't have it by me tomorrow or the day after that. You...DON'T HAVE THE MONEY!" Michael hisses. He puts his hand on the trigger and takes in another deep breath, this one more sturdy.

"MICHAEL!" Dad shouts.

I'm startled. I've never heard dad sound so scared or raise his voice. It's too late and I, stupidly stand there.

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Michael pulls the trigger

I jump in front of dad, but

I take a shuddery breath and scream. I run at Michael. I punch him.

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But Michael doesn't do anything. He just walks away and throws the ring on his finger at me. I stare at the wall and then at my dead dad. I shriek in frustration.

## Chapter 2 by Sarah May Vigue-Cortez



I feel what must be a state of shock envelope me as I stare at my fathers dark red blood first pool around the gold ring on the concrete next to my foot then startle when I realize the ring has has been swallowed up completely invisible underneath the thick crimson.

So much blood there is soooo much blood. My Jeans now match the floor. I don't know how long I sit there. But when the screaming shook me from my trance the blood pooled around me now felt cold. The pungent, metallic scent hung heavily in the air.

"Oh my God, Oh my Gooooood! NNNNNNOOOOOOOO" my Mother screams in vain. Kneeling down to shake my husband. "WAKE UP Dan! Wake up baby!" I don't think she even sees me there just inches from my Father's body. She lays her head against his chest sobbing uncontrollably.

"Sam honey" a hand shakes my shoulders from behind. "Sam, Baby Girl" another gentle but firm shake. I recognize the voice. It is a soft male voice. I am comforted by it. A sharp pain on the right side of my face stings me bad enough I shift my gaze to see the wild crazy eyes of my mother's now bloody face.

"Kate, Leave her alone now. She doesn't look well." Said the still soft voice. It's my uncle, I now realize the voice as Jake's, my Mother's brother.

"SHE doesn't look well?!" My mother screams incredulously. "Dan is dead. And you know who did it don't you? Her boyfriend Michael." Why she is saying this I don't know. I still can't think clear enough to make sense of my surroundings to utter a single word. I hear sirens and wheels screeching to a halt on the asphalt not far from me.

I look in the sound's direction and see a police man in one fluid motion step from the vehicle pull out his gun and kneel behind his open car door. All of you FREEZE now put your hands in the air and slowly stand up!"

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"Wait!" My mother calls, taking a step forward to the police man. "Careful Kate." Jake warned, but my mother ignored him. "One more step and I will shoot!" The police man said, fingering the safety. "You don't understand, Officer!" My mother said softly, her face illuminated by the police car headlights. "Stay back!" The Officer yelled. He snatched up his walkie talkie, quickly murmuring into it. The answer reached my ears, but I was still paralyzed with shock. "Roger that. Will bring reinforcements shortly. Keep the suspects contained." The officer placed down his walkie talkie, his face grim and serious. "No!" My mother yelled, rushing forward. I turned my head to her as time slowed down. The officer slowly pulled the trigger, and the bullet sped toward my mother. "Kate!" Jake screeched. I watched silently as my mother's body hit the ground, her empty eyes open, staring at nothing. A droplet of blood ran down her face from the bullet hole in her forehead. My lips formed her name, silently grieving. "Mom." I whispered to my self. "Dad." I would never have Mom come in and give me cookies just because I was sick. Dad would never again take me out on a father-daughter trip to wherever. I would never have their warm hugs, or their smiles of love that fill me with joy... They're gone. What came out of my lips could only be described as a moan of grief. It was a terrible sound that rang in my ears. It was my everything, my nothing at all. It was the sun, the moon, the ocean, the sky. I was nothing... I rose to my feet, numb and cold. Jake said something, but it was just a buzz in my ear, just one in a million voices rising and falling in my head, and I began to run. Far, far away, from everyone and everything. From those voices, from their bodies, from the ring. I ran and ran and ran, until I finally fell to my knees, screaming at the top of my lungs...

#### Chapter 4 by Rainyday



Michael's face flashed in and out as memories flashed through my mind in order as if I was watching a fast played slideshow of my own timeline. The faces of my parents smiling, laughing, yelling, crying all of them were there in my mind. I realized I was uncontrollable sobs had evolved in Hyperventilation. The lack of oxygen producing tingling all over my body, both stars and black splotches were appearing and swimming throughout my field of vision.

Where am I. All I see are tall slim trees with white bark and green leaves to the north of me then

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